

# VOX COLLEGII



OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1915



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# Vox Collegii

Published Throughout the Collegiate Year by the Editorial Staff.

*"Forsan et haec elin meminisse juvabit."*

VOL. XXXII

WHITBY, OCTOBER-NOVEMBER, 1915

No. 1

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## Editorial

"The strong tide bears us on, out of the little Harbor of Childhood into the unknown seas."

The train disappears around the curve and you are left, white-faced and afraid, on the station platform. The bus rattles through the streets of the little town, and you see the passers-by through a mist of homesick tears. Yet, as the great gates of the College open and close behind you, you sit up straight and dry your eyes in the firm resolve to be brave and interested. Even the dullest of us cannot fail in this determination, as we first view the College; sternly gray and weatherbeaten in the glorious setting of green lawn and Autumn colors.—above it, the blue sky; about it, the long stretches of fields and glowing woods, and within it, youth and knowledge and beauty.

The first few days are a little trying, it is true. But soon, you forget that mother and father seem a thousand miles away; forget that your trunk has evidently gone traveling onward in the firm conviction that you have too; that everyone apparently considers you a peculiar specimen of humanity, and stares fixedly at you, whenever and wherever you appear; that your clothes, that you once thought so satisfactory, are, all at once, pitifully simple and without charm in comparison to "theirs." You forget all this.

You remember that at last you are at boarding school—the place of your dreams. You are here, in this lovely castle home, where Friendship, Opportunity and Culture hold out welcoming hands in greeting. The study of a hundred

girls, their various personalities, their ambitions, attract and interest you: the beginning of a life with a new viewpoint, a fresh ambition, inspires and holds you; the sympathy of your teachers and their earnestness, encourage you.

You realize suddenly how very narrow that "little harbor of childhood" is,

how shallow the waters, how tiring its quiet calm; and you are not afraid to sail out into the open sea—even to brave the tempest and dismal weather, because it is boundless and deep there. The "little harbor" lies sheltered and placid in the sun: but the tide has turned.

## "And the Greatest of these is Charity."

There were five in the Jones family: there was Billy Jones, Mary Jones, the twins and Lily. They lived in a small, red-painted frame house and were a very distinguished family though a very poor one; for it was common knowledge that Mary could walk any roof-ridgepole in the neighborhood, and Billy took fits—and even the twins, as twins, were important. Somehow Lily seemed to fall short of the family standard of aristocracy—for she was a silent, white-faced child—and Mrs. Jones felt it almost a disgrace to have such a quiet daughter in an otherwise unique household. My story opens on a sultry afternoon in August. The small, red house fairly radiated heat, and the dirty garden behind, it seemed a Paradise of shade and coolness in comparison. There the three eldest children were playing "hopscotch" in the dirt, happily unconscious of anything but their game. Within the house, Mrs. Jones rocked the babies, alternately, to sleep, and made disjointed attempts at getting supper.

The factory whistles blew; it was six o'clock. The father came home, and the children came in to supper, but were ordered shortly to "get." They "got" very quickly and quietly. Something had happened; Lily knew that. She was the eldest, and could remember when other things had happened. She sat on the back door-step and wondered what it was,—her small white face framed in two dirty little hands, and two cool grey eyes, deep with thought, staring straight before her. She was a wise child and

thought many strange things. Later on, lying in bed, with Mary's hot, dirty little body asleep beside her, Lily wondered what had happened again. Had not her mother glanced at her strangely, and her father been almost kind? The sweet, pure moonlight came in the window and touched the thin little face tenderly, and dwelt lovingly on the frail, childish little form lying there.

It seemed only a moment until a hand shook her awake: "Who was—who was—O, it was mother! and she was saying something about getting up." The child stumbled to her feet and hastily dressed. The wonder of a new brown holland pinafore rather woke her to a sense of excitement; but, at every question, her mother hurried her the more.

Before she realized it she was walking down the quiet street. It was very early and, somehow, she enjoyed the clean, crisp air. She held tight to her father's hand and gave a decorous little skip now and then for very happiness. Besides she liked her new pinafore.

The station came in sight and a long train: a few words to the conductor, a hasty kiss, and the child was sitting on the velvet of a car-chair, with an unfamiliar landscape whirling before her bewildered eyes. Even the busy conductor felt a qualm of pity, as her troubled grey eyes met his. He stopped for one-half a second to nod at her. That conductor had an all-sufficient income and his children knew no grievance. Why should he not be charitable and stop for half a second to smile at a frightened child, whose little heart beat hard with

excitement and fear beneath a brown holland pinafore? Why, indeed? Hours of moving; fields and fields of buttercups and sunshine came in sight and were passed. The brakes suddenly creaked harshly—they were slowing up.

The conductor took Lily's hand and led her from the car, to somebody in a funny little brown bonnet. Now they were walking through a noisy room into the street. The little girl clung to her companion's hand—the noise frightened her. After a very long time they turned in at a high gate and walked up through a green lawn to the steps of a great ivy-covered building. There was a printing over the door. Lily could read a little, and spelled the words out slowly—"Asylum—for—children."

In a flash she knew the truth: she looked at the great black door and the

strange woman and the green lawn—and her small white face quivered. A vision passed before her grey eyes: a little red house on a corner, and chickens picking on the lawn. She remembered the touch of her sister's hot little form in the long nights, and the defiant blue of Billy's eyes. She thought of the way her funny little play-house looked, and of how the sunlight fell across their kitchen table. She wanted to be back there, among the dirt, among her poor. They didn't want her—they didn't want her.

She sobbed out strangely. Then the door opened and closed behind her.

Lily had not read all the inscription above the door, and even if she had she would not have recognized it, nor the strange comfort of it. It was this:

"And the greatest of these is charity."

## The Masquerade.

He was not a handsome animal, and his lean, gray body quivered from mane to tail as the raw November wind came around the corner of the College and blew through him. How many years he had ambled through the streets of the little town; how many long, long years! His big, sombre eyes looked out sadly into the night, and past the black door behind which the girl-people of the old, grey building were enjoying themselves. The old cab-horse's head drooped dispiritedly as he settled himself for a long wait—the wind blew colder.

Suddenly, in the midst of his dreams, the black door opened, and across the loggia marched the strangest procession! It was headed by a very tempting looking biscuit and a tall, lovely young person whom the watcher of the sombre eyes decided, in his intelligent mind, to be Jeanne D'Arc. Next, came two frogs, hands grotesquely aflop: the old horse kicked himself suddenly—plainly he was having a night mare! Behind the frogs, two Christmas crackers walked, with miraculous ease, and, to our

equine friend's surprise, one of them exploded with a loud, long bang, and out stepped a maiden in the daintiest of blue frocks. On they came: two Japanese maidens, paper parasols a-flirt; a tall, corn-covered figure that the amazed animal recognized as a "ghost in a corn-field," and two Quaker maidens, hymn-book in hand. Two nuns, in their flowing gowns, paced slowly along, and behind them ambled a "country bumpkin" in a suit of clothes that were—er—a little short and tight for him, one tooth missing, and with a general air of being far from home and mother in a very large and wicked city. Buster Brown and Mary Jane followed, evidently bent on mischief, and a "jack-in-the-box" popped out before the astonished horse. A little girl dragged her "ole black mammy" along in a fever of childish excitement. The procession filed into the long, broad room, and the black door closed behind them.

The surprised on-looker stared at it for a few moments, undecided whether or not he should run away—but came to the

## VOX COLLEGII

conclusion that he would rather go to sleep. There was a programme being carried on behind the closed door, and occasional applause drifted out to him.

A Japanese lady, who really was not "O-Toyo-San," but Miss Margery Moore, after making the low bow of her country, —that is, touching her humble forehead to the honorable ground—read a Japanese child-song. Miss Georgian Smith gave a piano solo, and Miss Marjorie Garlock sang "The Little Irish Girl," and for an encore "The Rose," after which Miss Ball read a selection from Dickens' "Hard Times," that was unusually entertaining. Then Miss Collins' played Verdi's "Rigoletto."

This left the audience asking for more, but ended the program. The hum of conversation during the serving of refreshments by the Seniors rather awoke our old friend of the sombre eyes to a sense of the cold, bleak weather. Soon that hum died away; the lights went out.

The old horse ambled down the driveway and shook his gray old head gravely. He certainly had been dreaming!

Some of the most original and beautiful costumes were:

"Jeanne D'Arc"—C. McCormick.

"The Ghost in the Cornfield"—G. Reazin.

"The two Frogs"—W. Symington and G. Gauley.

"The Jack-in-the-Box"—E. Wilmott.

"Buster Brown"—K. Smith.

"Mary Jane"—J. McLelland.

"Red Cross Nurse"—E. Hutcheson.

"Spring"—E. Cook.

"Clown"—M. Ferrah, W. Simpson.

"A Little Girl" and her "Ole Black Mammy"—M. Valentine and J. Greenway.

"Hallowe'en Crackers"—A. Simpson, E. MacMinn.

"The Country Bumpkin"—H. Taylor.

"Canada"—E. Witt, A. Scott.

"O-Toyo-San"—M. Moore.

"An Old-fashioned little Girl"—Miss Wright.

"A New-fashioned little Girl"—Miss Granger.

"Colonial Ladies"—F. Fraser, E. Knowles, Miss Collins.

"Jack Canuck"—J. Willis.

"Britannia"—M. Snetsinger.

"A Monkey"—L. Bell.

"Day"—M. Score.

"Night"—E. Walls.

"A Maid"—O. Wilson.

"A Jap"—M. Summers.

"Cow-girls"—M. Cook, J. Foster.

"Giantesses"—F. Pennal, F. Graham.

"A Yellow Chrysanthemum"—A. O'Hara.

"Egyptian Princess"—I. Horner and F. Hewgill.

"A Peasant Girl"—G. Linton.

"A Witch"—M. Phelps.

"Music"—M. Hetherington.

"Red Cross Nurses"—M. Weldon, M. Lewis, A. Kent.

"A Blockhead"—D. Whitteker.

"A Bat"—T. Robertson.

"Gypsies"—M. Millard, M. McLelland.

"Indian Girls"—V. Alcock, A. Sneider.

"An Italian Girl"—G. Field.

"An Alarm Clock"—G. Fisher.

"A Pumpkin"—H. Ward.

"A Gipsy"—I. Gordon.

"A McCormick Biscuit"—Miss Sharpe.

"Irishman"—I. Ansley.

"Irishwoman"—M. Thompson.

"Nuns"—M. Depew, H. Mill.

"Puritan Maidens"—L. Merkley, I. Dodge.

"Winter"—M. Hare.

"Spanish Girl"—R. Dixon.

"Sunflower"—L. Dixon.

"Old-fashioned Gentleman"—J. Higginbotham, M. Jones, L. Hunter.

# VOX COLLEGII

## O. L. C.

BY MARY McCLELLAND.

When first we came to Whitby  
And dear old O. L. C.,  
We had a secret feeling  
That here we'd happy be.

The building was so stately,  
The lawns so fresh and green,  
We thought it looked as lovely  
As anything we'd seen.

The teachers and old students  
Made welcome one and all;  
A homelike feeling flooded  
The great wide entrance hall.

We went up to our bedrooms—  
They looked so cold and bleak;

But ah! we made them pretty  
In just a half a week.

Oh, now we get up early,  
Before the sun doth rise;  
And early in the evening  
We close our weary eyes.

Our studies give us pleasure,  
Our time for play does too.  
Our time is filled up nicely,  
As we have much to do.

We love this dear old College,  
We're happy as can be;  
So come, now give, ye students,  
Three cheers for O. L. C..

## Y. W. C. A.

### Y.W.C.A. OFFICERS FOR 1915-16.

Honorary President—Miss Maxwell.  
Advisory Officer—Miss Norma K.  
Wright.

President—Mary E. Valentine.  
Vice-President—Mrs. Merkley.  
Secretary—Myrtle E. W. Fawcett.  
Treasurer—Olive Woodman.  
Cabinet—Leila Beach, Katherine  
McCormick, Eva Hutcheson, Gertrude  
Hull.

This year we have one Y. W. C. A.  
meeting each week, on Thursday evening.  
These meetings are to be presided over  
by the girls. Last Thursday, (October  
21), Miss Eva Hutcheson gave an out-  
line sketch of our work here. She told  
us what is done with our money.

1. \$45.00 to Foreign Association.
2. \$25.00 to Kilborn Cot in China.
3. \$10.00 to Upper Canada Bible  
Society.

The balance we give to the Red  
Cross Society. Besides this, we send  
bales of old clothing to any needy home  
mission.

We are pleased with the new arrange-  
ment for the Sunday night service. It  
is held in the Concert Hall, and we like  
it much better than the old way of going  
down town to church.

We have had some splendid speakers,  
whose work is new and interesting to us.  
Among those who spoke were:

Miss Lambkin, Industrial Secretary of  
Y.W.C.A., Toronto.

Mr. Taylor Statten, Boys' Work Sec-  
retary of Y.M.C.A. of Canada.

Miss Mabel C. Jamieson, Student Sec-  
retary of Y.W.C.A. of Canada.

Mr. F. Langford, Education Secretary  
of Sunday Schools and Epworth Leagues  
of the Methodist Church.

Rev. Prof. McLaughlin, Victoria Col-  
lege.

Rev. E. W. Halpenny, B.D., Gen. Sec.  
Ontario Sunday School Association.

Dr. J.J. Hare, Principal Emeritus, af-  
fectionately honored by the girls both old  
and new, has also spoken to us on two of  
these occasions.

Instead of the usual Sunday afternoon

Y. W. C. A., we have organized Bible Study groups of ten, which are to be led by the students. The book to be studied is "The Manhood of the Master."

THE Y.W.C.A. RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, October 1st, the Y.W.C.A. held their annual reception. The girls were very busy all afternoon, but in the evening they were amply repaid for all their labor. The chapel looked very homelike and comfortable, with its lights shaded by beautiful autumn leaves. The same decoration was used on the mantels, and here and there

throughout the room. A cosy fire crackled in the fireplace, while plenty of cushions made the chairs comfortable. Miss Valentine, Mrs. Merkley, Miss Fawcett and Miss Woodman received the students. During the evening we had a contest and after that a short program. Miss Collins played for us in her usual brilliant way. Miss Garlock sang a very pretty song, while Miss Moore read one of Stephen Leacock's charming stories. Refreshments were served at 9 o'clock. Everyone was sorry when it was time to go, but we hope the Y.W.C.A. will soon give us another such pleasant evening.

Music

The members of the Okticlos have had two meetings up to the present time. The first, on September twenty-second, dealt with business only. Mr. Atkinson, our Honorary President, as Chairman, stated that the object of the said meeting was to elect officers, reorganize the club and decide how it was to be carried on. He made the suggestions that there should be either one large club or individual clubs, each teacher forming one of her own pupils. The latter motion was seconded and carried. The teachers, using their own discretion, will develop the matter at some future opportunity. Regarding the officers, during the year 1914-15, Mr. Atkinson was Honorary President; Miss A. Meath, President; Miss G. Smith, Vice-President; Miss M. Armitage, Secretary-Treasurer; Executive—Miss G. Hull, Miss O. Mullett. The Misses Meath and Armitage were graduated in June. The former, welcomed back to O.L.C. this September with open arms, has taken the place of Mrs. Homuth, whom we were very sorry to lose. Miss Armitage, we regret to say, did not return. Two vacancies were thus left in the staff. Mr. Atkinson was unanimously urged to retain his position, which he

has unquestionably filled as no one else can. Like the well worn and oft quoted instance of the street urchin who replied to the request for the core of his apple, "there ain't goin' to be no core," so we say, "there wouldn't be no Okticlos" without Mr. Atkinson. The Vice-President had not yet returned, but was expected, and the discussion was broached as to whether Miss G. Smith should be promoted to Presidency or all new officers elected by ballot. This last course regarded as only fair to the new members was duly decided upon, the result as follows:

President—Miss G. Smith.

Vice-President—Miss G. Hull.

Secretary-Treasurer—Miss D. Whitaker.

Executive—Miss Mabel Sharpe, Miss Muriel Snetzinger.

The meeting was then adjourned.

The second meeting, held on October 6, was delightfully informal. Misses A. Meath and M. Sharpe gave piano solos and brief interesting facts from the life of the composer of each number. The former played with her usual pleasing interpretation "Beside the Spring"—(Strauss); "Libestraum" (Liszt); the

latter, displaying characteristic dashing brilliancy, gave "Stoccato Etude," (Rubenstein). Miss McCormick read "Who's Afraid," (Marjorie Beaton Cook), and Miss M. Garlock sang "Until," (Edward Veschemacher). Both numbers were thoroughly enjoyed. Our Principals, Mr. Farewell and Miss Maxwell, were present, and each addressed the members, assuring them of their enjoyment, and enthusiastically seconding the aims of the club. We expect to welcome them to some of our future evenings. Refreshments were served, and the ringing of the bell put an end to a very pleasant evening.

On the Faculty of Music (piano) beside Mr. Atkinson, director, is Miss Collins, who takes Miss K. Wright's place. Miss Wright was so very popular and sympathetic, not only with her students, but with all the other girls, that it was disappointing to have her leave us. However, we feel we have a jewel fitted for the setting Miss Kate Wright has left.

Miss G. Smith, as President of the Music Club, was appointed representative of this department on the editorial staff of the Vox Collegii. At Mr. Atkinson's suggestion, Miss Smith called a meeting of the officers and executive and appointed representatives in each music department to write articles for the College magazine. All material is to be submitted to and arranged by the President.

The music representatives are as follows:

Piano—Dorothy Whitteker.

Vocal—Marjorie Garlock.

Theory and Organ—Muriel Snetzinger.

Stringed Instruments—Jean McClelland.

When the Misses Gott, Collins and Meath form their clubs, members will be appointed to furnish notes of their meetings.

The appointment Mr. Atkinson has recently received as Principal of the new branch of the Toronto Conservatory is but another tribute to his ability in the world of music.

#### VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

"God sent his singers upon earth  
With songs of gladness and of mirth,  
That they might touch the hearts of men  
And bring them back to heaven again."

On Wednesday evening, October 27th, O.L.C. was given a delightful treat. Mr. Blight, director of the department, kindly consented to sing for the students and faculty. The program, which follows, lasted for an hour, and left everyone asking for "More! more!" Mr. Blight's personality comes out strongly in his songs, which varied in character from light little dialect songs to heavy dramatic ballads. He carried his audience through every emotion and sent them away thrilled with patriotism. While everyone enjoyed the concert thoroughly, it might be said that the vocal students really appreciated it the most, for they understood what wonderful control he has over his voice. He is a marvelous example of his teaching method.

As an accompanist often makes or mars a song, Miss Hagerman's name should be mentioned. Her sympathetic accompaniments rendered Mr. Blight's songs most effective. It is to be hoped that Mr. Blight will favor the College with many such concerts in the future, as they are certainly an inspiration to his pupils and to all who hear him.

1. Young Tam O'Devon.
2. Sands O' Dee.
3. (a) A Red, Red Rose.  
(b) My Jeanie.  
(c) Pickanniny Lullaby.
4. Lorraine, Lorraine Loree.
5. (a) A Fat Li'l Feller.  
(b) The Pretty Creature.  
(c) Mammy's Song.

6. Archibald Dingloo.
7. (a) Young Richard.  
(b) Your Daddy was a Soldier.

Everyone was glad to see Miss Gott back in her place in the vocal department.

#### THEORY DEPARTMENT.

Theory! Theory! About six times a day we meet some distracted person running with a little red book known as "Harmony" tucked under her arm.

"Where are you going?" we ask. "Oh, for a theory lesson," she replies, and rushes madly on. It is well that we have such a kind-hearted and ever helpful teacher as Miss Nichols, who directs this department, or very often we should come to grief. Dorothy Whitteker, Jean Willis, Gertrude Hull and Georgian Smith expect to finish the required amount of theory by spring. Quite a number of others will take examinations.

#### ORGAN DEPARTMENT.

Just at present the organ is undergoing a series of operations. We are all looking for vast improvement before

many days. On Wednesday, October 27, Mr. Atkinson took the beginners in this department on an expedition through the interior of the organ. The journey proved interesting and instructive.

#### STRINGED INSTRUMENT DEPARTMENT.

We are all very glad to see Mrs. Smith again, and also glad to know that quite a number are interested in her work. We practice with energy and often with sore fingers, for we all want to be a credit to Mrs. Smith, who is always appreciative of our efforts, though some of our hearers are not.

GEORGIAN SMITH.

## ART

This year's Art Class is somewhat larger than that of last year, and each member is very enthusiastic about her work. The china-painters, after taking a few lessons in pencil-drawing, are deeply interested in designing, and have completed a number of dainty and useful things.

The students in water-colors and oils are happy now, for after a lot of humdrum work in pencil, they are being initiated into the mysteries of color studies. The autumn scenery is most beautiful for such work.

The processions of the sketching class to the scene of operations are worth mentioning. Mr. Greene our Art Director, heads the line. He, being the only man, is laden with easels and paint boxes. Miss Wright comes last, also carrying paint boxes. On one occasion the students were so interested in their work that they neglect-

ed to bring their sketching stools, so while the rest were scanning the scenery for a pretty study, Miss Wright went quietly away, and soon after we were startled by seeing her in the Art room window, trying to lower a couple of chairs, and in immediate danger of following them. Needless to say, a few of her admirers went to the rescue!

The other day Miss Maxwell brought in one of the most beautiful and perfect clusters of pears that we had ever seen. They are now being reproduced—on paper—by many various and willing hands.

The Canadian Art Club Exhibition is being held in Toronto now. Those of us who had the privilege of seeing the paintings while on our holidays at Thanksgiving, should be very glad, as there were some well worth seeing. A few of these were by Homer Watson, Suzar Cote and Horatio Walker.

## EXPRESSION

The 1915 Expression Class of O. L. C. extends a hearty welcome to Miss O'Brien's successor, Miss A. Ball. Although we regret losing Miss O'Brien, we feel that the Directors have chosen well in appointing Miss Ball as head of the Expression Department. At the head of the students in expression is Miss C. McCormick, taking post-graduate work.

Our Senior Class has only three girls, Myrtle Fawcett, Melva Hetherington and Margery Moore. We feel it a great honor to have Margery chosen as Editor of the Vox, and are confident that she will fill her position ably.

Our Junior Class is somewhat larger—“We are seven:” Mrs. Merkley, Leona Merkley, Madeline Preston, Ida Dodge, Hazel Mills and Winifred Symington. In addition to the regular classes there are several private students, Mary Valentine, Etta Jackson and Gwendolyn Gauley. The fame of our students goes abroad and they are requested to fill numerous engagements. Miss Margery Moore read in Quay's, October 19; Miss Mary Valentine at Oshawa, October 19; and Miss Myrtle Fawcett at Brooklin on October 25th.

## Household Science

Although the Senior girls in Domestic Science missed Miss Porte, their former teacher, at the beginning of this year's work, present indications show that Miss Helen Scott is fast becoming a favorite with them as well as with the Juniors. The many fragrant odors as well as the straying delicacies that reach the upper halls, prove beyond doubt that she is making a great success of her work. There are six old girls in the senior cooking class: Helen Clark, Freda Pennal, Florence Graham, Josephine Greenway, Margaret Ferrah and Grace Reazin. There are also two new girls who are taking both junior and senior work: Marjorie Millard and Grace Fisher. The Junior class is very large: Irma Horner, Elizabeth Knowles, Marjorie Millard, Grace Fisher, Isabel Gordon, Elizabeth Vincent, Jean and Mary McClelland, Eva Hutcheson, Leslie Hunter, Alma Kent, Frances Fraser, Madeline Preston, and

Hazel Mill. They are progressing rapidly with their work.

### SEWING.

The Senior Sewing Class is becoming very interesting. The girls have finished drafting their shirt-waist patterns, and are making fine progress with their suits of underwear. They have great sympathy for their junior sisters, and hope their detested patch-work will soon be over.

### SERVING.

On the afternoon that the serving class made sandwiches, Miss Scott increased the interest of the class by allowing each member to invite a guest. They served tea and spent a very enjoyable afternoon. Miss Scott presided at the tea; Margaret Ferrah, Freda Pennal and Grace Fisher served.

## Athletics

The students of O.L.C. have again organized an Athletic Association, with Miss Hazel Taylor as President. The girls are just as willing and able to play outdoor and indoor sports as they were last year; and so far the Association has been a source of great pleasure both to the girls who are trained and to the spectators at the games. Our senior and junior basketball teams played against those of the Whitby Collegiate and won. The work of the O.L.C. team was splendid, but though the games were interesting, they were not as exciting as might have been expected, owing to the lack of practice of the town team.

This success on our part was not again

repeated in the baseball game, as our girls had not played sufficiently to make a good team, but in the return game we hope to take a better standing.

The tennis tournament, which was started about the twenty-first of October, is now over, but it gave the girls a good time while it lasted. The winners in the doubles were Misses Gwendolyn Gauley and Wilhelmina Simpson, and in the singles, Miss Gladys Field.

Altogether, we feel that the work of the Association is benefitting the students both physically and mentally, and we are looking forward to a most enjoyable year in athletics.

## Fireside Notes

The old girls wish to extend a hearty welcome to our new Principals, Mr. Farewell and Miss Maxwell, and also to the new members of the Faculty, and the new girls. Among the latter is quite a large group from Ottawa. The United States is well represented this year also.

Our first Friday evening, September 10th, the Faculty very charmingly received the girls. Mary Valentine, representing the old girls, welcomed the new. Following this Mabel Sharpe gave a piano solo, Jean Willis a vocal selection, Catharine McCormick a reading, and Marjorie Garlock a vocal solo. Mr. Farewell and Miss Maxwell spoke to the girls. On behalf of the Faculty Miss Wright presented Dr. and Mrs. Hare with a lovely bouquet of American Beauty roses, in response to which each made a most amiable and appropriate reply. Dainty refreshments were served, and

the evening closed with all joining in the singing of "God Save our King."

The following Friday the old girls received the new. Mabel Sharpe, Gertrude Hall and Dorothy Whitteker received, while Marjorie Garlock favored us with some music. During a very entertaining guessing contest, Dorothy Whitteker played for us. The winners of the contest were many, and we were obliged to draw lots to make a decision. Agatha Scott was the fortunate recipient of the box of candy. Coffee, cakes and delicious ice cream were served by the old girls.

The next Friday, September 24th, the girls worked all afternoon decorating the chapel for an unusually attractive Y.W.C.A. reception. More games and another prize—Isabel Gordon was the clever girl this time, and cheerful Helen Clark carried away the booby prize, a

small bottle of catsup. The refreshments were quite out of the ordinary on this occasion, as they consisted of punch and cookies, which were followed by maple walnut ice cream and cake. After spending a very enjoyable evening, we all went to bed leaving Mabel and Kizzie to wash the dishes.

Several of us enjoyed a most magnificent dinner in the Domestic Science dining room, and although the steak was only half cooked we "made believe very much" like the Marchioness, and found it "quite nice."

Thanks to the May Court Club things have not lagged on Friday evenings. Miss Maxwell delighted us with a story in the drawing room one evening, while the listeners busied themselves with knitting for the soldiers, and with other work. Afterwards ice cream and cake were sold, the proceeds going to the club.

A few weeks ago the Methodist Church held its annual pork and bean supper, which was well attended by the College girls. Those who remained at home had the privilege of hearing some excellent selections on Dr. Hare's grafonola.

The concert given by the Methodist Church choir also proved an attraction to a number of the girls.

Georgian Smith has arrived at last, but we are very sorry to say that Helen Appleton will not join us until after Christmas.

Marjorie Millard spent an enjoyable week-end in Toronto.

Myrtle Fawcett visited Marguerite Homuth, our last year's May Queen.

Isabel Gordon spent a happy but rather lengthy week-end at home in Ottawa.

Miss Maxwell and Miss Collins chaperoned a number of the girls to Toronto to hear Madam Melba in her patriotic concert.

Miss Follick and Miss Granger took a party of eight to the lake, where we found some fossils which Miss Granger

made most interesting to us by the facts she told us concerning them. After eating the appetizing lunch Miss Lewis prepared for us, we returned to the College, much the better for our outing. Miss Chantler's geography class had a similar excursion.

A number of the girls went to Toronto on October 23rd to hear "Madame Butterfly" and see Pavlava.

Florence Graham had a pleasant trip home to meet her new sister-in-law.

The girls who remained here for the Thanksgiving holidays do not seem to be any the worse for it. Candy making, a Colonial evening, and a picnic to the lake made the time pass almost as pleasantly as at home.

Florence Edgar spent a very enjoyable week-end in Oshawa with Gladys Morris, a former student.

We regret the departure of Marjory Millard, and hope she will return after Christmas.

Early in September, Miss Maxwell enjoyed a visit from Mrs. Gaines and her three daughters from Tarrytown, N.Y. All three girls were former students of Miss Maxwell.

The Hallowe'en week-end was spent very pleasantly by us all. On Friday afternoon, quite a number of the former students returned to visit once again their Alma Mater.

Mrs. A. E. Ames, of Toronto, a former student of the College, with her daughter and friends, honored the College with a visit recently. Mrs. Whitfield, of Whitby, was amongst the party.

Friday evening there was an unusually interesting parade of masqueraders. The prizes were awarded to Grace Reazin as "The Ghost in the Cornfield," the most original costume; to Catharine McCormick, as "Joan of Arc," the most beautiful; Miss Collins as a "Colonial Lady," the faculty prize; Eleanor Wilmott, as "Jack-in-the-Box," the most comical, and Hazel Taylor "The Country Bumpkin," as the best acted single

character. Winnifred Symington and Gwen Gauley as "Frogs" received the prize for the most original couple. A number of people from the town were present. Georgian Smith gave a piano solo, Marjorie Moore a short reading and Marjorie Garlock sang. Miss Collins and Miss Ball also very kindly added to the program, after which refreshments were served by the Seniors.

Saturday evening the Faculty entertained the guests, and after an enjoyable week-end, they left on Monday morning.

Kathleen Smith received a very pleas-

ant but rather unexpected visit from her mother and aunt, the other day.

The twenty-first of October was Trafalgar Day. We celebrated it loyally by a sale of little Red Cross flags, which helped to remind us of "our day." Thirty dollars was collected and sent to the Red Cross Society. The day, of course, meant more to us because of O. L. C. being Trafalgar Castle.

Miss Maxwell placed in the library an old edition of the London Times, published on Thursday, November 7th, 1805, giving an account of the battle of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson.

## The Joker

Mary (vigorously rubbing the soap from her eyes with the edge of her kimona)—"Oh, Midge, put the towel in the corner of my eye and run in!"

Ana—"My, but the game was close to-day."

Chuddy (sympathetically) — "Why don't play tennis *outside*, dear?"

First student (wearily)—"I suppose I'll be up all night to-night; I have to make out my expense account."

Second (wearily also)—"Why don't you tell the truth and get a good night's rest?"

Miss Sc-ett (in Domestic Science) — "Girls, boil the kernels."

E. Kn-wl-s—"What about the lieutenants?"

Kathleen—"Oh! I adore her! I can't express it."

Jean (absentmindedly)—"Send it by post."

Mary (disconsolately)—"Where are all the teachers?—Miss Wr-ght and Miss M- -th?"

Riddle—"Why does Irma A—— go to the English Church?"

Answer—"Because she couldn't spell Methodist on her application form."

Moral—Spelling classes and Bible should unite in the common cause of education.

Etta J-cks-n—"Say, I got a letter to-day with the queerest question in it."

Roommate—"Yes?"

Etta—"He asked me why I put my age at the bottom of the envelope."

Roommate—"Yes?"

Etta—"My number is 38."



### THROUGH DIFFICULTY TO SUCCESS.

The Associated Chapters' press correspondents are reminded that copy for publication must be in the editor's hands by the 5th of each month. Address Mrs. E. Edmund Starr, Editor Trafalgar Daughters, Vox Collegii, Whitby, Ont.

In our June meeting we announced Miss Florence McGillivray as the new President of Whitby Chapter. Miss McGillivray was not present at the annual meeting, and is unable to accept the office. The Whitby Chapter have been fortunate in securing for President Mrs. W. J. H. Richardson, so well known to all T. D.'s as past Treasurer.

#### WHITBY CHAPTER OFFICERS.

Hon. President—Mrs. Hare.  
 President—Mrs. W. J. H. Richardson.  
 1st Vice-Pres.—Miss K. Wright.  
 2nd Vice-Pres.—Miss Donaldson.  
 3rd Vice-Pres.—Miss Cormack.  
 Recording Secretary—Mrs. Ross.  
 Corresponding Secretary—Mrs. T. G. Whitfield.  
 Treasurer—Mrs. A. W. Jackson.  
 Auditor—Miss Harper.  
 Press—Mrs. E. Edmund Starr.

From the press report given at the annual meeting, we glean the following (and your editor wishes to thank the correspondents of sister chapters for their kind co-operation). "During the year about three thousand one hundred and fifty-six lines of copy have been edited, with seven cuts of official members. We hope some suggestion has been presented to our readers of what awaits the College

woman when she has stepped from College halls into the great struggle of life—where women are doing so much towards bettering conditions for humanity. We would like to emphasize the possibility of keeping T.D.'s in touch with College interests, educational interests and comrades of college days, through our official organ, our so called "monthly message from home."

Trafalgar Daughters are "women of the hour," ever ready to respond to the need.

On October 8th the governing board convened at the home of Mrs. O'Sullivan. The resignation of the President, Mrs. Sullivan, was tendered, and after due consideration, accepted, with regret that the demands of many duties in connection with her administration as Matron of the "Reformatory for Women" required such action from such a favorite Daughter as Mrs. O'Sullivan. Mrs. Atkinson, of Toronto, was unanimously elected as President of the Governing Board.

The Board (moved by Mrs. Webster, seconded by Mrs. Jackson), resolved that each Chapter be asked to appoint a press representative, whose duties include a report of any items of interest taken by the respective Chapters, and any news of interest concerning Trafalgar Daughters in the different districts.

[As the Governing Board is now an organization and the official head of T. D.'s, this resolution endorses the action of Whitby Chapter, who last year edited T.D.'s pages of Vox Collegii, and have thus endorsed the organ of our official

paper as suggested by the editor in her annual report at June meeting.—Ed.]

It was resolved that all life members of any Chapter that has ceased to exist shall become wards of the Governing Board until such time as a Chapter is formed in that district.

The Board adjourned, after which Mrs. O'Sullivan entertained, assisted by her daughter, Julia, who rendered a violin solo with her usual charm. Tea was served by the genial hostess.

October 19. Meeting of the Governing Board held at the parental home of Mrs. Webster (nee Miss Hamilton). Hamilton Chapter represented by Misses McLaren and Brown; Whitby Chapter represented by Mesdames Richardson and Jackson.

The constitution was discussed, and revision suggested and acted upon, after which printed copies will be forwarded to the Chapters.

November 1st. Meeting of Whitby Chapter. President Mrs. Richardson in the chair. Miss Maxwell and Mrs. Farewell, welcome guests of the meeting, were made honorary members for year 1915-16, with franchise privileges. The interim business of executive was endorsed and art furnishings of drawing room admired and approved.

The discussion of winter program resulted in recommendations as follows:— Literary evenings, Red Cross Work and a Knitting Party to be arranged at an early date, when the Chapter hope to have as guest and speaker Mrs. Wilkins, whose interesting address on "Social Service" at last year's banquet, won many sympathizers.

Miss M. Watt, May Queen, 1912, spent the week-end at O.L.C., as guest of Miss Gott, en route to her home in Aylmer, Quebec, after two and a half years in Dawson City, Yukon. Returning to visit O.L.C. many ex-pupils feel

"I love the fair old home town,  
One green and hallowed spot  
Enshrines thee in my memory—  
Thou canst not be forgot!"

Though other homes and climates  
May claim my heart and love,  
Yet thou shall stand pre-eminent  
Wherever I may rove.

—S. Johnson.

and the T. D. Chapters offer an opportunity to strengthen the tie that binds. Enrol this year, girls!

"Home and Country," the motto of the Women's Institute. Mrs. E. G. Graham, an active member of the W.I. is to reply to the address of welcome at the Ontario Provincial W. I. Convention to be held in Toronto, November 10 to 12th. Mrs. Graham has just been appointed Women's Institute representative on the National Service Committee. Mrs. Starr has been a member of said committee since its organization. The Trafalgar Daughters are fortunate to be able to gather so directly the work done by this official channel for "Soldiers' Comforts."

The Committee have placed an order for Xmas gifts for our Canadian men at the front. The gift is a wallet of stationery stamped "To our Canadian Forces, the Gift of the Women of Canada." The Trafalgar Daughters are asked to help with the gift. The cost of the wallet is 25c.

Toronto Chapter held a bazaar in Conservatory of Music recital hall on Nov. 5th. Proceeds in aid of patriotic work.

Following a protracted illness, Mrs. Lillian Massey Treble died at Santa Barbara on October 27th. She was a trustee of the Fred Victor Mission, trustee of the Methodist Deaconess Home, and member of the Dominion Council of Young Women's Christian Association. She was a generous friend of O. L. C., and her portrait hangs in our concert hall. She was also deeply interested in our Domestic Science Department. Education and culture have indeed lost a friend, and Trafalgar Daughters a co-worker. We mourn her going, yet rejoice in her great service for women in women's sphere.

Miss M. Hollinrake, of Milton, and her

sister. Mrs. Bick, of Winnipeg, visited Mrs. Richardson since our last issue. We have also enjoyed a few days' visit from our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood.

Mrs. W. Fraser, Gilmour Street, Ottawa, and her sister called at O.L.C. en route to Toronto. They were enjoying a yachting tour.

#### MARRIAGES.

June 30, 1915—Laura Knight to Dr. Chester Raphael O'Brien.

September 1, 1915—Anna Merritt to Mr. Lester Wellington Brock.

September 8, 1915—Jennie McNiece Austin to Mr. Charles Frederick Wright.

September 8, 1915—Dora Carmel Patrick to Mr. Gordon Alexander Strickland.

September 16, 1915—Marguerite Foote to Mr. John Cuthbert Aspinwall.

October 5, 1915—Lila Margaret Barbara McAmmond to Mr. Arthur Parsons Burns.

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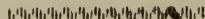
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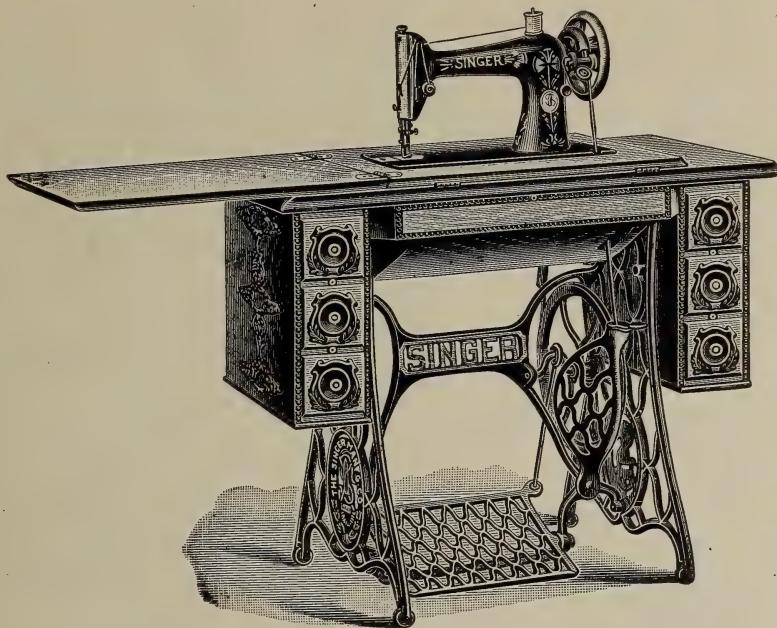
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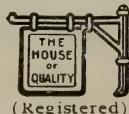
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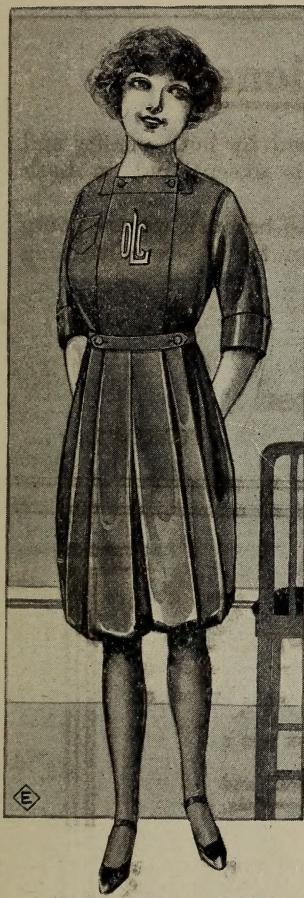
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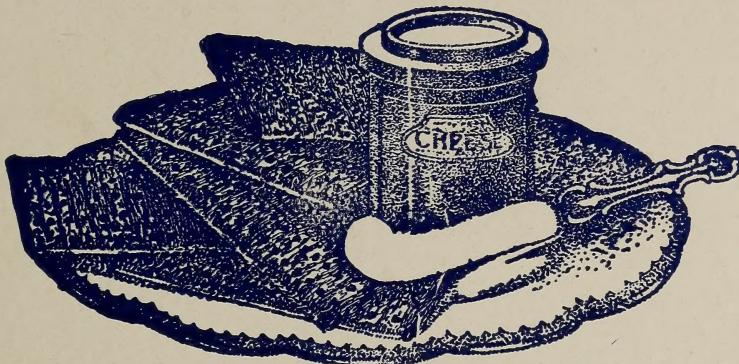
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